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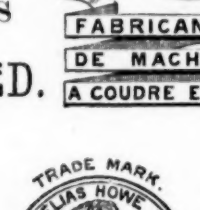


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## ROUND LAND'S END TO LONDON BY SEA.

THE gain of speed in travelling is in inverse proportion to the loss of the picturesque. Railways annihilate a good deal besides distance. There is no change more pleasant or hearty than to hark back a long way into time, and, by a short fit of conservatism in travelling, to reconquer the picturesque at one's ease. Many do this by sauntering through the lushness of green valleys and wooded hills, on foot, as they did in Eden. Many toil up long reaches of barren moorland hillsides or perpendicular steppes into a prospect of sublimity and the bewildering awe of mountains. One of George Eliot's most masterly descriptive triumphs in colour is a rapid detail of a journey by the old stage-coach through an English county. The latest luxury of earls is the freshness and heartiness of a spirited burst in a handsome stage-coach across the richest of landscapes, the loveliest in English scenery, of all English counties, Surrey, and over the downs to Brighton from Belgravia.

Another of the conservatisms of travelling is a sea voyage from one English port to another. There are few in Manchester who in the course of the year do not suffer a sea-change. The crucible, however, in which they transmute their gold into ozone (which is the chemical formula for holidays) is generally some vast women's barracks. Wives, mothers, sisters force them into a city of baby-farms and agglomerated nurseries, where gorging and over-drinking are their only consolations. But in a journey from Liverpool to London, round Land's End, perpetual rest is combined with perpetual motion, ozone with babylessness, novelty of incident with large scope of prospect, sea-capes with cliff scenery, bustle with quietude, a practical lesson in geography with benefit of health.

A few Saturdays ago the regular coast steamer slowly deployed out of the docks and fairly got under weigh in the Mersey, with, among her other cargo, three hearts bent on lightness, three backs bowed with a twelvemonth's business worries, three heads that needed clearing. The province of docks and the black forest of masts soon fell into the rear, and already the eye was soothed by the long cool reach of water. The change began with the pleasant novelty of ropes, cordage, cabin and deck, so much freer than cramping railway carriages. Glasgow steamers went past with as much dash as if they had all the high breeding and blood of a racer. Huge foreigners or colonials lumbered slowly on, bulging into obesity of hull under their tarry brown canvass. Tugs steamed pertly on like little terriers, or, energetically towed along a school of barges, or, like the industrious dwarf,s ome lazy giant of a schooner.

Before very long, on the left, the crescent of New Brighton, with its long trailing crinoline of woods, supplanted the monotony of the embankment and embrasures that had been continuous on the right. Visible to the naked eye, conspicuous to the tourist's glass were the figures that sauntered along its semicircular aureole of sand. Right before us was the crimson splendour of sunset that banked the sky with masses of fire, and illuminated the sea till it was a sea of glass mingled with fire. The esplanade of the little watering-place, as we wore round the point which it pleasantly occupies, and bore in a general W.S.W. direction, faded out of sight behind us. On our left succeeded the outline of the Welsh mountains, which died simultaneously with the gradual death of the sunset and its glories on our right. With the darkness came a cool fresh breeze, and with the breeze that charm of quietude and content which a still evening on board ship seems to let steal over one's soothed faculties and feelings. There is the just perceptible sense of motion, the just audible sound of the wash in the wake, to make motion more delightful and silence more still.

The Manchester representatives, with all the ingratiating bonhommie with which Manchester inspires her sons, were soon fast friends of the mate of the watch, a good-humoured old nautical character of the name of John, dryly genial, pleasantly communicative, open and weather-coloured of face, high-waistbanded of trousers, and a staunch teetotaller. He had a flavour of Attic as well as of sea salt about him. The magic of the evening delayed us till late on deck. It lent a wit to epigram, a felicity to talk, an aptness to quotation, and a charm to pipe and cigar unknown before or since. We even found that we could listen to each other without mutual annihilation. But evenings end. The light on Great Orme's Head was past when we pigeon-holed ourselves in our bunkers hungry for sleep. On that steamer four pigeon-holes made one compartment. The fourth occupant soon turned in, and soon slept. So did not we. What was sleep to him was murder to us. Stifled till living tombs became also Turkish baths of perspiration, sleep seemed to be just coquetting with our eyes, when ominous and solemn there struck on our ears a long, able-bodied, double-bass snore, of at leat ten-hog power. It began with a low thunder, rose to a climax of sullen hoarseness, and died into a continuity of grumbling, snorting, grunting, rattling horror. From these voices of the night a refuge was found on deck, whence the first pencillings of dawn could be seen to streak the horizon. We were off Holyhead. Slowly the streaks shot out, and more slowly broadened. From a brilliant dullness they changed to a more brilliant yellow, and a large fragment of dawn had cut a piece out of the leaden sky, when a shower drove us down to try our fortune below again. This time success. But our reveillée was the dash of waves, and there was a new experience, a new sensation awaiting us. The vessel was pitching and rolling irascibly in every way. Once again on deck it was seen that there was a stiff swell on, the sea looked vexed and surly, the waves chopped and snapped at each other.

We suffered a sea-change of feeling into something rich and strange, and staved off qualms only by a horizontal escape movement. The land-lubbers were lying down below, below, below. A gale in the Atlantic had sent a swell that caught us abeam, and the ship plunged forward through it, reeled like a drunkard. Manchester stood to her victuals nobly. A calmer afternoon: Bardsley Island, last land left and Cardigan Bay being traversed. By tea time we are shooting Ramsey Sound and Manchester soon after retires to rest where, rocked in the cradle of the deep, she gave in and slept heavily—at least one unit of her—for twelve hours, through a regular gale that will make the Bristol Channel memorable to a few of the passengers. The same horizontal escape movement on the part of Manchester in the morning. Neptune is still irritable. Two Mark Tapleys (from this city) were in great force in contiguous pigeon-holes, reading and sketching being broken up by sorties of mutual chaff and hurried excursions on deck. We were coasting along Cornwall, and soon its wild-rugged black cliffs were close beside us. They frowned sullenly down in fantastic heavy sombreness upon the sea, the deep blue of which beat and fretted itself to white spray futilely against the black masses. Land's End is like an abutment in this wild wall, picturesque after a passionate grand fashion. Here and there the white dash of a wave, over a rock hardly visible, showed like the gleam of an angry wolf's teeth. It is a wild coast. The ferocity of the sea is such that lighthouses are victualled for a six months' siege, and chance travellers who may happen to land are often imprisoned for weeks in one. But to us it was half asleep, its jaws closed, its mane unruffled, and we steamed quietly round, fascinated by the gloomy majesty of the cliffs, into the fine St. Mount's Bay—yonder on the right was St. Michael's Mount—and moored in Penzance Harbour just after finishing a generous dinner.

Some thirty passengers had sailed, a most unexpected number. But here about half left, some for deep-sea fishing among the Scilly Isles, some for sea-side relaxation, one or two because they had had their inwards raked so remorselessly. A most enjoyable afternoon, and still more enjoyable tea at the Star, was the lot of Manchester at this clean, bright, prosperous town. At dusk a compass above the town resulted in a view combined of dark mountain, moonlit sea, and cliff—whose attributes were awe and majesty—with a foreground of green wood and field, such as it seldom falls to one's lot to see. After an hour or two among the rocks in the moonlight, with the sea and hills in front, we returned to the steamer, and steamed off at the rise of the tide, about midnight. We slept soundly before the Lizard was doubled.

So glorious a day as Penzance had afforded was of itself compensation for the small discomforts endured previously. But more was in store. We were now to hug the land all the way, and the Channel behaved handsomely. Our next harbour of call was Plymouth. An early visit to the deck revealed quite a vision of cliffs from which a haze of soft bright warm colours was pendulous into the bluest of waters. Their shapes, their faces changed, and fresher, warmer tints succeeded. Had it been a picture, exaggerated schemes or eccentric keys of colour would have been the critic's verdict. Splendours of red, purple, green, blue, brown, and yellow melted into each other softly and richly, while ever at their feet lay the deep, calm, unchanging blue of the water. Here and there were little bights of gold sand. Again, a graceful back-sweeping arc would enclose a fishing village on the beach, with quaintly coloured houses built on bright-red rocks. At last Mount Edgecumbe, wooded to the water, was rounded, and Plymouth Bay lay before us.

Better, perhaps, pause here, for description is beggared. A noble curve of broken magnificence sweeps round. At each corner of the imperial bay the high land falls down to the water in bold commanding points, on each of which is a white stone battery. A breakwater, a mile long, breasts this bay. On the left is Drake's Island, shaped into one huge fortification, with embrasures and earthworks. On the hills are batteries and earthworks everywhere. What with citadels, garrisons, forts, and castles, the place seems one immense fortification. The hill faces are cut, the rocks are coaxed, all nature is pressed into the service of defence. And the curiosity of all is, that in a place where nature seems to have exhausted herself in magnificence of scenery by land and sea, the arts of naval war seem to have their utmost fling. At the foot of Mount Edgecumbe, which is at once a park, a wood, and a hill, for several miles one arm of the bay runs narrowly up. On this lies Devonport, the dockyard and arsenal. There are stored thousands of cannon, millions of shot and shell. There—sheer hulks—lie the old Trafalgar wooden walls, huge, ungainly, obese. Moored alongside of one, lay a new, smooth, thin, rapid, deadly-looking steam-ram. Close by were a couple of low, vicious turret-ships that would sink a whole fleet of the old Terribles and Majestics in a few minutes. As we rowed back through this mocking contrast of old War and new War, of grim destruction and the beauty of nature, among the trees in the summer's afternoon a review was proceeding, and the flash of uniforms, the rattle of musketry, and the wreaths of smoke rising through the trees finished the bewilderment of this marriage of war and beauty. We registered a vow that to Plymouth, if ever we went to stay at the seaside and had our own choice, we would surely go.

Leaving Plymouth the cliffs were still more picturesque, more beautiful of hue and brilliance than before. At Start Point and dusk, however, we parted from them, and now began quite a chapter from Marryat. We had got rid of some ladies who had been a dead weight on all fun, and our numbers were reduced to nine. We at once became one (not that we were tailors) and a happy family. A song was started, then another and another; all the finest old sea songs were sung, and well sung. Even a staid old captain, who had doubled Cape Horn and been all over the world, did his part nobly, while "Long Tom Coffin," with funereal countenance and dry wit, provoked interludes of laughter. Next morning we ran down the S. of the Isle of Wight from the Needles to Dunnose, close in shore. The whole length of the famous beauty of cliff and undercliff passed before us. Spite of its soft, quiet, picturesque beauty, spite of its originality, it is as seen from the water much inferior in finish to parts of Derbyshire. Ventnor, picturesque and superior, was passed so close that the small boats had to avoid us. Beechey Head—we had long before left Brighton—was rounded at dusk. Hastings, with its three miles of streets all lit up, was quite a strip of illumination. At Dungeness we went down below. A stiff gale between the Forelands was powerless to disturb our equanimity, although we could not stand for the pitching. The entry into London was a long continuity of astonishment. Liverpool gives no conception of the miles of shipping, of the enormous commerce of England; nor has one an idea of the stateliness of a "thorough-bred" ship until one has seen one like the Herefordshire, sister to the London that went down. We fitly close a voyage round two-thirds of England in this state of wonder at these miles of shipping that lie thickly massed along the banks of the Thames.

If ever any reader should be tempted to repeat our experiment, we hope he may voyage in the long, steady-going, and sure if slow, West of England. He will have the most generous of plain diet, a bright-eyed, buxom, stewardess, and no more attentive, genial, and kindly a captain and mates than Captain Wraight and his two "watch" men.

## THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE WAR.

SOME time since certain newspapers published the "likes and dislikes" of the Royal family, and, following in their wake, we ourselves furnished our readers with the predilections and aversions of sundry individuals which had casually come under our notice. These, like Cleopatra, were of infinite variety, showing the capacity of one and the same person to have a partiality for stewed tripe and onions, and yet be able duly to appreciate Alexander's Feast or Wordsworth's sublime Ode to Immortality. Alas! those innocent confessions were made in the happier times of peace, when we were all dwelling in a fool's paradise, and labouring under the miserable delusion that it was impossible that two of the most civilized nations on the face of the earth should be tearing and rending each other to pieces within a few months. Since this unhappy war broke out, we observe that some of the papers have been hinting and insinuating, if not actually asserting, that the Queen and the various members of the Royal family have strong sympathies with one of the combatants. However this may be, one thing is certain, none of these illustrious persons have ever uttered a single expression in public to justify any such statement. From our own peculiar sources of information we are now able to furnish our readers with the sentiments of the Royal family regarding the war and the present political state of Europe. These will be found quite as accurate as any which have been supplied by our contemporaries.

The Queen is determined under all circumstances, as a constitutional sovereign, to maintain the integrity of the British Empire and particularly Balmoral Castle. Her Majesty, naturally enough, is understood to have German sympathies, particularly for her two daughters, the Crown Princess and the Princess Louis of Hesse, and their children.

The Prince of Wales gives in his adhesion to Old England for ever, and the huntsman's chorus. At the same time, he is quite prepared to annex himself to Ireland and join the Waterford Hunt. In any changes which may take place he stipulates for curtailing the time occupied at public dinners.

The Princess of Wales inclines to the integrity of Denmark, and hopes that for the future Earl Russell will keep his mouth shut upon that subject. Her Royal Highness also desires that Sandringham Hall should remain intact, and that newspapers containing idle gossip about the P. of W. should not be given to her.

The Crown Princess (Royal of England) declares for "Fritz" and a united German Empire, but hopes that communications with Windsor Castle may be kept open. If there is any meddling with Belgium, the Crown Prince is recommended to study Mrs. Caudle's lectures—and beware.

The Princess Louis (Alice) of Hesse is also in favour of a German Empire, provided that under all circumstances, the Isle of Wight containing Osborne House where she was married, and the adjoining residence of her favourite poet, Mr. Alfred Tennyson, be not interfered with. If Great Britain is molested in any way the Princess will at once put a stop to Louis' smoking and take away his latch-key.

The Duke of Edinburgh is hereditary successor to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, but prefers the sea to that limited duchy. He has entire confidence in the British Navy and is prepared to take the Galatea to any spot where there is sufficient water to float her. His sympathies are with the wind that blows, the ship that goes, and the lass that loves a sailor. Hopes to bring the Galatea up the Irwell one of these days, and will be glad to receive visitors on board to drink the immortal memory of T. P. Cooke.

The Princess (Helena) Christian of Schlesmecklensomethingorotherhohen-gusten-Sigmaringburghen, wishes the press would leave her husband alone. Is perfectly satisfied with him herself. Wishes the war was over, but will be quite content to live peaceably at Frogmore all the days of her life. Cannot understand how Victoria can put up with the stiffness of German Courts, and much prefers the dairy in Windsor Park.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Princess Louisa cannot make out what all this war is about, but has assisted the Queen in sending out packages of necessaries for the sick and wounded of both armies. Hopes that one result of the war may be that a few more eligible young men may turn up, but is not in the slightest haste to get married. Has never seen any one yet that she has the slightest fancy for. Is sick of all these Germans and wonders if there is nobody in America would do. On no consideration will have anything to say to the King of Holland.

Prince Arthur's sympathies are entirely with the British Army. He trusts that under all circumstances the Colonies will be supported. Particularly is the Prince attached to Canada, to the Rifle Brigade, and the girls he left behind him.

Prince Leopold being delicate is entirely for peace. His sympathies are altogether with the wounded. Has written to the Crown Princess to put the stopper on "Fritz," and tell him to be moderate in his demands in the hour of victory.

Princess Beatrice is very sorry for the Prince Imperial. When he has done with that nasty fighting will be glad to see him at Windsor Castle, where he can teach the young Wales's how to play at soldiers. The Prince Imperial is never to mind her German relations. They will all be glad to see him. Is getting on very well with her French.

The Princess (Mary) of Teck is disgusted with the whole affair. Prefers Kew to any place in the whole world, and has told Teck so. Very sorry for the Empress, very sorry for everybody. Spoke to George on the subject, but he only said that I need not bother myself, and asked for some curds and cream.

The Duke of Cambridge believes in the Horse Guards, and has no great confidence in Mr. Cardwell; the British Volunteers believe in neither the one nor the other.

## LAWYERS' CLERKS.

WE should probably meet with small thanks from any "individual," as he would be likely to call himself, any member of this class of the community, if we should tell him we were anxious to defend them—to set them right with the world, as it were. "Much obliged all the same," he would say, "but we're up to a thing or two, we are, and quite able to take care of ourselves." Well, then, we won't profess to defend them, or anything of that sort, but simply record some of our observations about them, for they are diverse of form, sometimes so distinct in appearance, that they might be taken for members of different *genera*. The public would, no doubt, be much surprised if they were suddenly to learn that there was existing in their midst a tribe of people as different from people in general in desires, habits, and modes of life and thought as so many East or American Indian tribes or Chinese, and that these people mixed freely with the community without any attempt at disguise or concealment, but were never discovered because they were unsuspected and unrecognized. And yet, knowing the class, as we do, in all its variety, we have no hesitation in stating this to be a fact.

There is not very much difference between the Boy of the Lawyer's Office and the Boy of the Period generally. He is about as dirty and as hair-dishevelled as a Warehouse Boy, but a little more impudent, and he does, if possible, less. The boy sometimes quits the office for other pursuits, but he remains if he is such stuff as lawyers' clerks are made of, for the lawyers' clerk is the converse of the poet, he is not born, but made—*fit, non nascitur*. As long as the boy is unfledged with legal pen he is as others; he carries string, marbles, and useless pieces of iron in his pockets, and stands admiring, but brownless, before fruit-baskets, and plays "tick" between the lurries in the side-street, or marbles in some sheltered nook. Some accident promotes him from carrying out some of the innumerable letters which issue from the office, and which have been directed by himself, in a heavy, straight-up hand with the tops and tails inclining various ways, like a row of pea-sticks, he writes the names of callers in the call-book, is admitted to fill up the blank form, printed on paper, from the thick parchment writ from "London agents," likewise a mixture of print and clear, ungraceful writing, but with cabalistic signs or stamps, like exaggerated post-marks, on both sides, about Exchequer of Pleas for the most part, with others, also mysterious, to be looked upon as wondrous things. At this time, perhaps, he goes to a night-school to learn a little writing, since he has been cuffed about by the clerk, or two or three of them if such there be, for bad writing. Now he is admitted, sometimes, to write the "copy letter herewith" or the fly-sheet of the letter come from the governor or managing clerk, and about this time comes another to be the Boy, to whom he repays with interest all the chances and changes that he himself has undergone, and with whom, at odd times when the original sin of boyhood is too strong for him, he fraternizes, but only momentarily, as it were, and repenting his weakness, visits his subordinate with fresh torments.

After this he matures, unconsciously to himself, into the lawyer's clerk, in such guise as circumstances may lead him. Does he write a good hand, he passes into the copying or adjoining room, and his doom thenceforth is sealed. There is no escape. He is a mere unskilled mechanic for the rest of his life, and he might just as well be shut up in the scriptorium of a monastery for the future. Of course his life has some compensations. By the time he has turned twenty-one he gets a pound a week, which, if he stays in the same place, is in three or four years raised to a guinea. For guineas are some fiction supposed in all lawyers offices still to exist, as are nobles and marks. These coins, dating from the fourteenth century, whence our present conveyancing system may be said to date, are, like the guinea, no longer in existence, though the value they represent, 6s. 8d. and 13s. 4d., is. And on this guinea or so he marries, and yet he is supposed, being a lawyer's clerk, to keep up a decent appearance, not to live in a "single house" in a court and wear moleskin as his compeers, earning similar wages, do. And if he have children, which is mostly the case, there must be something done, or attempted at least, from the uncertain profit of lodgers to anything that may turn up. But by this time a considerable portion of what he earns goes in drink. This is the universal failing, and they all screen one another by turns, sometimes ineffectually, for after three or four days unauthorized absence Scriptor turns up at the usual time on Monday morning in a clean shirt collar and a partial attack of delirium-tremens, and is sent off "about his business," as the cruelly sarcastic expression goes.

Although the work of a law writer seems done with exquisite neatness and skill, yet it is but routine, machine-like work of the hand, in which the brain that belongs to it has had no part, and into the sense or meaning of which the mind no more enters, nor is capable of entering, than the cow in the pasture can note the botanical classification of the grasses and plants on which she feeds. When most of the business of any place was done in a few offices, all the writing and copying work was done by the clerks employed, but since increase of business and its dispersion among many offices, much of the copying and the chief part of the engrossing of deeds has been done by the law stationers, who have a number of writers in a state of qualified dependence who are paid by the job, like piecework, at a rate which enables the stationer to find materials and accommodation and make a profit out of their labour. In busy times a good writer may earn over £3 a week, but that is a chance-time which rarely comes more than twice or thrice a year. The youthful writer's best mode of avoiding the vortex of the copying room is to practice rapidity of writing, so as to get taken up by the conveyancing clerk, to whom he may get appointed assistant, to copy out unwearyingly "common forms," or drafts that have been used, which, altered in pencil, serve for rough drafts of new deeds yet to come.

Or it may be that the overgrown office boy is taken in hand by a clerk who does Common-Law business. From making copies of writs, he is sent out to serve them upon disputations, defendants, or recalcitrant debtors; and from copying "pleadings," that is, filling up printed forms, he gets going to the office of the Court of Record or the County Court to leave them and pay sundry shillings; in time, he thereby picks up certain straws and dry leaves of what is called practice from the edge of the Common-Law gutter, and dubs himself a Common-Law clerk, takes the keenest delight in "doing" a similar youth, careless and more ignorant than himself, and sensible of it as a grievance when his opponent gives in at an early stage of the action, and prefers to pay an unjust claim and most unrighteous charges than enter into a contest marked at every step by chicanery and deceit, and ending in certain and irretrievable expense. Here, again, tippling is the order of the day. Is there a cause to be tried, it involves waiting for a day or two, often frequently longer, at or in the neighbourhood of the place of trial. The

client or his principal man is there, and there are witnesses who generally show an inexhaustible power of taking "a little refreshment;" and if the youthful votary of Themis is not himself entrusted with the funds for that purpose, the client or his deputy is anxious to keep him in good humour at the sacrifice of propitiatory "gills" at frequently recurring intervals, and he knows, as he facetiously puts it, "how to work the oracle." And after the trial of the cause, for as he will say "a cause is never won till it's lost," there is, in case of victory, a roaring hour or two of congratulation; and likewise after a contrary termination, some steady solemn boozing, "just to keep up one's spirits," is done; but any way—*plectuntur Achivi*—the client pays, choose how it ends; or if he is too stingy or too great a man to be "kicked," of one thing you may be certain—that whoever pays, it is not the Common-Law clerk.

As Charles Lamb said of books, that there were some books which were no books, as directories, pronouncing dictionaries, gazetteers, and such like, so there are some clerks in lawyers' offices who are not lawyers' clerks nor ever will be. Of such is that modern introduction, the short-hand clerk. He has been a press hanger-on, or a waif and stray who has picked up shorthand while waiting for any chance employment that might turn up, and has, by answering an advertisement, found himself in the gehenna of a lawyer's office, as he has been trained to it, hopeless of having any other accomplishment drilled into him. He, to save the governor's time, takes "notes of attendance," the raw material for future bills of costs, and transcribes them into the diary or on to separate sheets for the Bill of Costs Clerk. Also takes notes of Bankruptcy hearings, the proceedings at creditors' meetings, and later in the day takes down the letters from the governor's lips and has to get them copied out for signature before the governor's departure for the night. Some people say that there are more drunken men lodged in quod by the police on wet nights than on any others, and account for it ridiculously enough by supposing that the constables are tired of standing about, or pacing up and down in the wet, and as a visit to the station will afford them shelter and warmth for a time at least, besides the entering of the occurrence as "a good mark" to the officer's credit, it is scandalously asserted that the first drunken man met with is taken thither, and at least "booked for safety," when, if the clouds had had their stopper in, all had been well, and Evagrius would have been left to pursue his unsteady course homeward in peace. So on wet days, or on days when, from rain or other reason, no one calls, and consequently no attendances can be booked, the shorthand writer is called in, and letters are glibly dictated to him to everybody that can be thought of, about every businesss, dormant, present, and to come; for if the six and eightpences won't come, three and sixpences may surely be made, and, like an Indian incantation of a great medicine-man, the process is continued until rain comes, till the callers arrive, and the stenographer is dismissed, to con over his hieroglyphics, and turn them into cursive hands, which he does to the accompaniment of a cursive tongue.

The offices of cashier and book-keeper do not much differ from those departments of a trader's business. The occupants of those posts have seldom anything to do with, or any knowledge of, law. Their labour is generally rendered more difficult by the governor, as a rule, knowing nothing of accounts, and being irritated by dealing with things he must get through somehow, and knows he does not understand.

We have another sample or two on hand, but no room to get them in. We may, perhaps, give them *postea*.

# TOWN TALK,

## AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

### THE BREWSTER SESSIONS.

WE consider that the conduct of the magistrates at these sessions has done credit to their firmness and decision. As we have never hesitated to reflect upon the great unpaid when occasion rose, we do not hesitate to commend them now. All sorts of plausible and invidious pleas may be, and are, continually put forth for the multiplication of those spirit vaults and beerhouses of which there are a multitude too many, as things are. It is creditable to the magistrates that they have had the common sense and firmness not to be misled. The plea urged on behalf of the proprietor of the Dog Inn, that he was dependent on his license for his living, and that to deprive him of the one was to deprive him of the other, is a very good example of the plausible but utterly invalid plea. To Mr. Leresche's piteous remark that the proprietor was very penitent for all his past offences, the Mayor made the best rejoinder possible—that he was very glad to hear it. The penitence that is inspired by a lively sense of punishment to be suspended deserves to be disappointed. As per usual, Mr. Steinthal and the deputationizing and memorializing people came out strong. We don't quite see what right of audience they have, and cannot wonder at their being listened somewhat coldly to by certain of the magistrates. But nothing can excuse such unjudicial and ungentlemanly conduct as report attributes to one magistrate, whom it is quite superfluous to name—to wit, conspicuously reading the day's news while Mr. Steinthal spoke.

### "WHO SHALL DECIDE?"

The proverbial want of unanimity amongst "skilled witnesses," so often exhibited in the courts of law, is crystalized into a humourous epigram in the report given in the papers of the suicide of that unfortunate young woman who was ruined, as so many men are, by apparently good fortune. She came in for a legacy. She left home, and commenced to spend it, and declared that she would not return while there was water enough in the Thames to drown her. Her father consulted two doctors, who both saw her. "One of them," alleges the report, 'said she was likely to commit suicide, and the other said she was not." "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Events. The first was right.

### THE DISHONESTY OF CABMEN.

The dishonesty of 'busmen is familiar to the public. The dishonesty of cabmen is a new theme. One of them was brought up at Sir John Iles Mantle's court, on Tuesday, on a charge of embezzling half-a-crown out of a four and sixpenny fare. Cab-driving is profitable. Cab-owning is not. While those who buy the horse and cab, and keep them, and pay rates and taxes in respect of them, and wages, and are liable to monstrous claims for accidents, and suffer any damage that may happen to the vehicle and animal, must be content with two shillings out of four and sixpence, he who simply drives takes two and sixpence, in addition to his wages and his perquisites. Prosecution is the only remedy for this immoral state of things. It has become a habit so inveterate amongst the cabdriving and 'busguarding fraternity to help themselves to ten per cent, or more, of their employers' property, that they have ceased to look upon it as a crime. Nothing but hard labour, locks and bars, cropped hair, no beer, and no tobacco, for a term, will bring them to a sense that they are really and truly criminals of no light dye.

### THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER AND THE "SPHINX."

The Bishop of Manchester preached last Friday evening at St. Michael's, Angel Meadow, the church of which the Rev. G. S. Allen is the rector, and in the course of his sermon made a graceful reference to this paper. Speaking of the locality, Angel Meadow, as being so different in reality from its name, he said Mr. Allen might still think pleasantly of the neighbourhood, and in his constant visits of mercy find "the wilderness to blossom as the rose." A writer in a Manchester weekly paper, which they all no doubt saw—he meant the *Sphinx*—who had been just a little hard sometimes on the clergy, had, in an article of that day's issue upon the new canons at the Cathedral, referred to one who had been labouring in a similar scene not far from that place. The writer, he said, expressed himself in a lively and somewhat sarcastic tone about many things of which he treated; but when he found any good and genuine work was being done, he could speak truly and seriously enough; and of this clergyman, who had laboured for seven years in one of the most poverty-stricken places in the city, and yet had preserved his health and spirits in his hard work (for there was no solace like the consciousness of good deeds well done), he wrote "His bright and cheerful smile"—"for," said the Bishop, "I quote the words of the paper, except a good-humoured remark as to the neatness of his dress,—'His bright and cheerful smile almost made you think the Church-house in Mayes Street a rural vicarage, Hanover Street a country lane, and Shudehill a breezy moorland track.'" We are glad the Bishop gives us credit for sincerity. Our contributor, himself a Churchman, writes in the interests of the Church and of the priests and-

people who compose it, and makes no scruple of treating all church sores or unhealthy secretions with the actual cautery of sarcasm, or of wielding, so far as in him lies, wit's keen and trenchant blade.

### MR. MACLAGAN AT THE ALEXANDRA MUSIC HALL.

When the Alexandra Music Hall introduces men possessed of the true genius of comedy and of music it is doing a good work of reform. It is helping to educate audiences to an appreciation of what is really true, spirited, enjoyable acting and singing, and to a distaste for what is vapid and contemptible. In Mr. Maclagan the Alexandra introduces us to an artist who not only has the true genius of comedy, but who has a fine voice and the highest musical capacity. More, he believes in the future of Music Halls; would transform the deformed, and give them not only popularity but respect with the public. These ends he considers ought to be accomplished by turning the tables on the inanities who hold the Music Hall stage and can extort their own exorbitant prices. His "Captain Jinks" is at once a fine satire on these, a piece of finished acting, and a capital specimen of buffo singing. His "Sims Reeves" is a searching but gentlemanly and good humoured caricature of the great tenor's personal style and ways; but at the same time is more. It gives him an opportunity of displaying the compass and quality of a highly-trained voice. As a nigger, he burlesques the irrepressible darkey outrageously, and also shows a talent for nigger song, pantomime, and dancing that Mackney might envy. We take these merely as specimens from his répertoire of fun. Mr. Maclagan is the son of the well-known Scottish poet. He has achieved fame in the highest concerts of Scotland, in oratorios, and in ballad concerts. In his present music hall profession he is, in any of his three-fold capacities of comedian, dancer, or singer, unapproached. The secret of his success, besides natural facile gifts, is, that he does everything with an impulse, a relish, a finish, and a good-will that would storm any audience. Next week we are promised selections from *Chilperic* and *Little Faust*, operas in which Mr. Maclagan has gained his latest and most legitimate, perhaps his highest, success at the Lyceum Theatre, London.

### "HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES."

Mr. Tom Taylor's new play, recently produced here, will be played for the first time in London this (Saturday) evening, at the Olympic Theatre. Mr. Compton will, of course, play his original character of Joshua Gawthwaite, the Dale Schoolmaster, a sort of Westmorland Dr. Pangloss. We understand that Mr. Taylor has made some judicious alterations and curtailments in the comedy. Miss Charlotte Saunders will sustain her original part of Aggy Tyson, and a very excellent impersonation it is. We have agreeable reminiscences of Miss Saunders many years since, when in 1845 she made her first appearance at the opening of the Theatre Royal, as Chicken in Jerrold's *Time Works Wonders*, her clever brother John appearing as Bantam in the same play. Miss Saunders afterwards made a great hit as Tilly Slowboy in *The Cricket on the Hearth*. Few now recognise in the full-blown peony rose the slip of a rose-stem which was so popular in Peter Street twenty-five years since. The capital character of Matthew Fleming, which was so well performed here by Mr. Wainwright, will be played at the Olympic by Mr. George Belmore, a first-rate actor of serio-comic characters. Mr. Belmore is a North-countryman, and will be able to do full justice to the old Westmorland yeoman, steeped in homely prejudices, and opposed to telegraphs, excursion trains, new-fangled crosses in sheep, penny newspapers, and all such abominations. Florence Conway, in which Miss Fanny Brough made quite a hit, will be played by Miss Maria B. Jones, a young actress of genuine ability, and well known in Manchester, although she was most unwarrantably kept in the background during her engagements here. The mysteries, however, of theatrical management are past finding out. We should like to compel the managers of the Theatre Royal and the Prince's Theatre to sit out an entire performance in the pit. Another old Manchester favourite, Miss M. Reinhardt, will appear at the Olympic as Elsie Fleming. We have very agreeable recollections of this lady, who last appeared here as Peg o' Ramsay in *The King o' Scots*. Mr. David Fisher and Mr. C. Warner, both excellent actors, have also parts in Mr. Tom Taylor's play.

## THE REVIEW AT HEATON PARK.

IT seems never to have occurred to the Corporation Water Committee that, instead of limiting the supply of water and putting the citizens to inconvenience, they might increase their supply and contribute to the public enjoyment at the same time. But how? you will ask. The process is simple enough. Have a review of Volunteers at Heaton Park, and, though the clouds may have been for weeks past as dry as a limeburner's wig, for all the moisture they have afforded, no sooner does our civic army take the field than the clouds, emulating the Government, throw cold water upon it in a visible and actual sense, and the rawest recruit is instantly a wetter-un and decidedly cool under fire. In August, 1867, our military correspondent, describing a display in Heaton Park similar to that which took place there last Saturday, wrote, "It was so wet that I did not get near enough to enable me to see how the men and company officers acted in detail." In fact the Volunteers may take their places as a valuable adjunct to the Teetotalers.

As to weather prognostics we have observed that if, about this time of the year, between five and six o'clock in the morning, the house roofs are damp or wet with dew there will be no rain to speak of during the day; but if the slates are dry there is sure to be considerable rain in the course of the day, and though the morning should appear to be fine there is a strange glittering sheen at the edges of the clouds which slowly move past, and a general polished-metal glare about the sunshine that bodes no good to the pedestrian. The unwonted brilliancy is the best warning.

> The swain's experienced eye
> From these takes timely warning,
> Nor trusts the gorgeous sky;
> For well he knows such dawnings gay
> Bring noons of storm and shower,
> And travellers linger on the way
> Beside the sheltering bower.

This swain didn't imitate the travellers in their lingering, but took timely warning and his umbrella and sallied forth at an early hour, after dinner, into Market-street, crowded as the western end of Deansgate in Easter week, but with a choicer selection of humanity. An interview with Sergeant-Instructor Heaton having supplied us with permission to enter his Park, we, and two other non-combatants, civilians probably in the eyes of X 41, came to terms with a cabman who was so weak-minded as not to ask more than twice his ordinary fare, and soon we were bowling up that best of turnpikes, the Cheetham Hill Road. Along the earlier part of the road, the Judens-Strasse of Manchester, gentlemen of the Hebrew race—persuasion, I think, is the correct newspaper word—paced the pavement with their pals from Palestine, and the up-stairs windows were bright with bouquets—nosegays shall we call them?—of red-cheeked dark-eyed children, watching the merry show of passers-by. The foot-paths were as crowded as Market Street or Oxford Road of a Sunday evening, only the people were all going one way, Heaton-Park-wards. The road occasionally got into confusion, for when a column of Volunteers with two cabs and an omnibus struggling past them for precedence, met with two or three empty return omnibuses abreast, somebody had to give way, and each one seemed determined that it shouldn't be him. So the wild bus-men occasionally edged the innocent and defenceless volunteer as near the curb-stone as they could, or at all events as they wanted, for "why soldiers why," should they take all the road, they seemed to say or sing. Arrived at the White-smithy bar we found the white-smith with as many irons in the fire as he could well manage, and having ransomed ourselves by the payment of fourpence to one of his myrmidons on our left hand, we were, a few yards further, politely offered the opportunity of disbursing a similar amount

to another myrmidon, or possibly the smith himself, who looked in at the right window, suggesting fourpence as the sum which would make his wife and children happy. Dismissing him with our fervent blessing instead, we turned off to the right, and drove what appeared to be several miles in the direction of Rhodes, until at length our Jehu pulled up, and we found ourselves in a loose conglomerate formation of men, women, and cabs, with a few omnibi as boulders. Two ticket offices were set up in cabs and we found that when we had struggled up to the window and got our tickets, we could not get away again, from the pressure from without, till we summoned our friends, and they literally "pulled us through" the difficulty.

Following the stream of folk across the undulating turf of the park, we arrived at the edge of an elongated sort of amphitheatre, with a long line of carriages of various descriptions. In fact there was a deal of "carriage company," except the Company's cabs and omnibuses, which, being of a plebeian and philistine nature, were deservedly excluded. Having at length obtained a post of observation near the saluting point, we found one corps settled right before us in a sort of square, which we understand was a regiment in quarter distance column, and was variously said to be the Derbyshire Volunteers, the Regulars from Bury, and the Regulars from Regent Road. They varied their employment of standing at ease by squatting and lying down at ease, for the grass was not then so——, but we must not anticipate. Next after them came the 19th Lancashire Artillery, and placed themselves to the left of the Derbyshires, still facing us; and then, on our extreme left, one regiment after another was seen coming in, some straight into the open, others issuing from the trees with a wavy snake-like movement, the band in front with their bright instruments, looking like a serpent's head, all green and gold, venomous and deadly. Then came the Royal Artillery, the riders dragging their guns, on springless carriages, after them, jumping and bounding over the unlevel ground, as if to try what they could do with a gun-carriage without breaking it. Then the Volunteer Artillery were marched away and the Royals took their place, and had some new neighbours brought, in the shape of a squadron or two of cavalry. All this time the rest of the regiments were being formed into brigades and deployed into line up to our extreme left, except the centre of the line, where two regiments were in close columns. The right of the line was near the main entrance, and was finished off there by cannon and cavalry, as at our end. This was just about finished when a regiment in a dark uniform, with linen haversacks slung by their sides, marched across from the direction in which we had come towards the rear by the left of the line, and were thenceforward indistinguishable. They had no sooner got themselves stowed away somewhere, when a thick puff of smoke appeared opposite to us, quickly followed by a detonating kind of crack, and the other two guns there followed suit. Next, three were heard from the right of the line, and were followed by three more from our *vis-a-vis*, during which the reviewing officer, Sir John Garvock, appeared in view, riding swiftly past, followed by what we suppose is called "a brilliant staff," who appeared to be doing their utmost to keep up with him, and not succeeding very well. This brilliant staff were about half-a-dozen, and, like a harlequin tea-service, each was of a different pattern. Of course there was that ridiculous specimen of tom-foolery, the inevitable cocked-hat, in various specimens, and diverse in hue of feathers. Surely a neat little cap with a peak, such as Marshal Bazaine is photographed in, or as our own drill-sergeants wear, would be a more comfortable, sensible, and less cumbersome and expensive sort of headgear.

Well, these got away, and we saw them some quarter of a mile off to the left at their old game of follow my leader, in and out of fronts and rears of regiments. So we faced about and found a son of Rechab, who confined his Rechabitism to dwelling in a tent, and had otherwise abandoned the family principle to such an extant as not only to consume the forbidden juice himself, but to offer it, for certain considerations, to others. We do not mean to assert that "who sells good liquor should himself be drunk;" indeed he had better not be, and as a fact we know mine host of the Buck to be a careful and temperate man, and a good shot. But we think he would have shown better taste if he had left the "shop" at home than to encamp on the ground with his regimental or company title displayed for a sign over the entrance. We shall be having Colonel Sowler's men crying the *Courier* all over the ground next; or Captain Snow's men with a "Columbian" in a corner, turning out a programme of the evolutions at a penny each like they do at a bazaar. There is, of course, no harm in the Buck sending its deputation of waiters and selection of potables; the brandy was good, we acknowledge. Let it always spread its gilded branching horns on such occasions, but let our good friend the sergeant keep himself, and his name, too, in the "supernumerary rank." The connection between the shop and the volunteer should be invisible.

Returning to the front we found a sort of bay made in the rope-fence, in which the general and his staff assembled, and as if they were not satisfied with seeing the army standing still, they got it to march past them, a tiresome and useless proceeding, but one consecrated by old usage. The Artillery, both Royal and Volunteer, were cheered slightly, and the Regular Infantry a little more distinctly. The latter marched steadily as a wall and as straight as a spinning frame, and, we should think, with about as much intelligence as either. The First Manchester were unequal. No. 1 company did not set a very good example; No. 2 and No. 4 company, and the last company (was it No. 11 or 12, or a composition of both?) did very well. As also did the Oldham corps and the Second Manchester. We should be the last to wish to see any Volunteer regiment imitate the stiff, close-locked mechanism of a Line regiment, and if the distance between the right hand and left hand man of a company on these occasions, is not of that mathematical shortness which is held by some to be a straight line, there is a degree of intelligence and alertness about the movement and bearing of volunteers which is worth all the plumb-rule and pipe-clayism in the world.

The different regiments, as they passed from the saluting-point, were marched away, some to the extreme left of our view, to form a defending army, but they were too far off and too much hidden by the trees to be visible from where we stood. The others, forming the attacking division, were in several lines here and there, sometimes with their left, sometimes with their rear opposite to us. On the left the enemy's cavalry threw out skirmishers, who began to fire their carbines at the left of the attacking division, and the attacking and defending artillery carried on a duel between themselves from the beginning of the engagement to the close. The attacking artillery moved about sometimes behind this clump of trees, sometimes behind the other, and so far off that the spectators could make nothing of it, except that there was a deal of smoke and noise. The left of the attacking line now advanced and fired at the artillery, who retired, only, however, to come down on their foes, who were caught while executing some movement, and had to gather up rapidly into small squares. Various horsemen tried these squares, but finding them an ugly nut to crack, retired, disappointed, like a terrier dog from a hedgehog, and received, on turning away, such a fire from the squares as would have left few to tell the tale to their own line, if the fighting had been "without the gloves." The centre of the enemy's line was

now advanced somewhat, and the 100th was sent out in skirmishing order. They advanced so far that they were rushed at several times by the opposing cavalry, and had to roll themselves up into little pills, which the horsemen seemed to come and smell at, and then turn away from in disdain. Having sustained some loss, or having spent all their ammunition, the skirmishers retreated behind their lines, and the whole of the attacking force advanced in line towards the enemy, and all were soon lost in smoke and mist.

Soon after the firing began the rain came on, very gently at first, as if to give warning to the hundreds of gaily-dressed ladies who occupied the numerous vehicles, and cloaks, shawls, and umbrellas were put in requisition. By-and-bye it came on heavier, and shortly, turned into a regular even-down soaking evening, such as we have not had for months. The ladies must have suffered muchly as to their attire. Such prime samples of millinery and costumery for ever ruined! We estimated the damage sustained by them from the rain at no less than £2,000! The spectators on foot, in default of umbrellas, took to the shade of the trees, of which there were some handsome umbrageous specimens; but although the leopard when he's tired of one spot may change it for another it is of no use for a man when one tree is wet through, to go under another in hopes of shelter. So at least found some of our companions, and the retreat was sounded. How the military fared we know not. The rain didn't seem to make any difference to them. Indeed, as one of our friends said, parodying a well-known stanza :—

The army was washed, just washed in a shower,
The dust was decidedly laid ;
But ev'ry man stood it for many an hour,
And held up his radiant head.

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# RHYL,

## AND THE VALE OF CLWYD.

ASK nine out of ten visitors to Wales whether they have ever stayed at Rhyl, and the chances are that they will answer "No: but we have seen it on our way to Llandudno (or some other place) and that is quite enough for us." And certainly it must be granted that the aspect of Rhyl as seen from the railway is not prepossessing; for a number of ugly houses and the backs of some cottages, in a flat sandy desert, without even a glimpse of the sea or a bathing machine, is what meets the eye of the traveller as he enters Rhyl station. Yet Rhyl is, in our opinion, quite the best of the watering places on that part of the coast. Better than Pensarn, where there is nothing to be done from dewy dawn till dewy eve, but sit on the shore and stare at the water in one direction; and, in another, at that monstrosity euphoniously called Garych Castle, a castelated house with ridiculous towers and castelated walls running all over the hill side, all in the early confectionery style of architecture; or else to walk into Abergele where there is nothing to be done when you get there. Better almost than aristocratic, but desolate, Penmaenmawr. Certainly superior to the furnace called Llandudno, which is new and highly genteel, has shops with plate-glass windows, and where the chief employment takes the form of climbing over the ugly Great Orme's Head with the aid of long poles and fancying yourself on an Alp. We do not mean to say that Rhyl is itself beautiful; but there is nothing objectionably ugly in it, and though there are the usual rows of two-storied and bow-windowed lodging houses, the streets and shops have an irregularity that gives it more the look of a country town than is to be found in most watering-places.

From the Station, after passing a few houses—a Photographer's amongst others, and one or two Inns—we come to the high street which leads straight to the sea, and where most of the shops are to be found. Here is, as a matter of course, the Bazaar or Fancy Repository, where they sell everything, from spades and perambulators to Berlin wool and sealing wax, while over the way is a combination of lodging house, pastry-cook, and linen draper under one roof. Past an hotel, the post office, and of course the lapidary's, is the shore, where a queer looking structure stands commemorating somebody's "coming of age"; though why an event of that kind should be immortalized we can't think. It is not a great achievement surely. Anybody can come of age if they wait long enough. The shore, or rather the "Parade," consists of two long spaces of ground (paved with a happy mixture of gravel and sand, and fatal to thin boots), which are walled at the sea end and fenced off from the road by posts and chains, and over-looking them and the sea is a long and not unhandsome row of large houses; perhaps we should say rows, for the streets leading into the town divide them. In the distance, to the west, is the magnificent Snowdon Range terminating with the Orme's Head, and, to the east, miles of sandhills extending as far as Prestatyn, and in front is the open sea. Mentioning the sea reminds us of other complaints often urged against Rhyl, viz:—that the tide goes too far out, that you never see big waves, that the sands are flat and the water shallow. All this is said, foresooth, by people who will stay weeks at Southport, where the water comes within the range of the naked eye once a month, and remains so for a space of time not exceeding ten minutes. At Rhyl the lowest tides come up within a stone's throw of the parade, and the pier reaches the sea at low water, while anyone who saw the wreck of the first pier some years ago, and noticed the distance the iron pillars were driven along the sands, would confess that this sea can be pretty heavy when sufficiently provoked.

The great charm of Rhyl is that you can be perfectly idle there without being bored. There is always something going on; there are always people about. Whether you lounge on the parade or the pier there is sure to be life visible; and even on a wet day it does not become so like the desert of Sahara as most other watering places. Part of this is to be accounted for by there being so many residents, (besides the lodging house and shop keepers); these live mostly in good houses at the east end of the parade, past the Belvoir Hotel, (pronounced by the natives "Beaver" and "Belle Vue" indiscrimately), and queerly arranged houses they are—detatched mostly and in large gardens. Where is the front of this one with the verandah? On this side the ground floor looks kitchen, and the first floor drawing room; and where is the front door? Round the corner, as far away from the road as possible, and you must pass the back door and come within touching distance of the French windows of that sitting room to get to it. This large house with high walls, from behind which come the sounds of croquet, seems to have no entrance at all, unless it be down this narrow sandy lane. There is a certain way, too, by which the stranger can tell a native. If he see anyone, male or female, walking about, followed by a big black dog, or perhaps two, and sometimes even three, he may rest assured that they live in one of the queer houses at the east end or near the church. A tomb in Westminster Abbey, records of a noble family, that all the men were brave, and all the woman virtuous. We would paraphrase this in describing the natives of Rhyl, and say, that all the men are flaneurs and all the women flirts; but withal they are very hospitable, and have a profound dislike for the town.

By this time we are on the sand hills, fairly away from houses, and, turning landwards, lies for miles the beautiful and gentle valley of the Clwyd dotted over with clumps of trees and bisected by the little river that joins the sea a mile to the west of Rhyl. That dark square building with large round towers, about four miles off, is Rhuddlan Castle, a massive old ruin, with plenty of historical associations, and most picturesquely placed on a steep eminence on the banks of the Clwyd; while on the marshy plain opposite was fought a desperate and fatal battle in the old time—a battle celebrated in song, but under what name we forget now. It was an important place, this Rhuddlan, before the railway was built, as the river is navigable for coasting ships, and most of the trade from Chester and Liverpool was then carried on by sea. A good many boats come there still, and on the kind of quay are yet one or two large warehouses. On that rocky hill to the left are the remains of what must be one of the oldest castles in North Wales. Very little is left of it now, but the village called Dyserth, is prettily situated, and the walk to it, either direct from Rhyl or round by Rhuddlan, is well worth the taking. So is that to St. Asaph where the scenery is everywhere most charming. The Cathedral and village (it is not more) cannot lay claim to any special beauty or interest: but those caring for what are called bird's-eye views can have one with a vengeance by climbing to the top of the Cathedral tower. The importance of the place may be judged from the following experience. The last

time we were there it came on to pour with rain. We were very cold, very hungry, and very thirsty, and the only inn in the place was then uninhabited. We had to wait in the shed called a railway station for two hours and a half till the next train to Rhyl arrived. It is advisable to "lay in provender" before going to St. Asaph!

Still further up the Vale is Denbigh, a quaint, irregular, up-and-down hill, old town, with a very large and handsome old castle that will well repay a visit. On the right of Rhuddlan a white spire rises above the trees, the spire of Bodelwyddan Church, an elegant building exteriorly, and a gorgeous mass of marble inside, built by a Lady Willoughby de Broke. It is a show place, and an omnibus runs from Rhyl on Sundays in time for the morning service for the convenience of such visitors as are up sufficiently early.

These are but a few of the places worth visiting in the Vale of Clwyd and within easy walking distance. For those farther off there is the little branch line starting from Rhyl station, by means of which other and longer excursions can be made. Altogether Rhyl is most conveniently central for short "outs," and a day's trip can easily be made to Chester, Bangor, Bettws-y-Coed, or even Beaumaris.

One piece of advice we will venture to offer to the tourist in Wales; have nothing to do with the language. He may be persuaded to buy a Welsh grammar and book of conversations, but it will do him no good; he will only break his heart and lose his front teeth. Let him get some Welshman to pronounce, say, "Pwllheli" or "Machynlleth" and then let him try and spell them according to his grammar; he will soon find how hopeless it is to attempt to learn a language, of which every sentence sounds like swearing, and looks like a cypher advertisement in in the second column of the *Times*.

## THE RESTORATION OF THE CATHEDRAL.

THE work which has been going on at our Cathedral for many years is now getting somewhat near its completion, and a new work equally important is about beginning. The work which we have seen slowly progressing has been somewhat inaptly called the "restoration" of the exterior of the edifice. The noble work now about to begin is the instatement of the interior to a beauty and appropriateness which all true lovers of church architecture will be glad to see finally accomplished.

The rebuilding of the outside has not been strictly a restoration, but a reconstruction, a beautifying and an ennobling of the whole design. It has gone on in obedience to the feeling which has been for some time abroad, and which is still, happily, growing, that our religious edifices should be the expression of all that is noble and beautiful in our thoughts, and that it is our duty to redeem them from the foul blot of ugliness, carelessness, niggardliness, bad taste, and, in fact, to sum up all the faults in one phrase—practical infidelity—which for nearly two centuries has degraded our Christian architecture, and suffered some of the noblest examples in the land to fall into irretrievable ruin. It is with no small feeling of pride that we have seen the work at the Cathedral to be not merely a restoration of the base and bastard style which a few years ago disfigured most of the outside of the building. There are yet some portions which remain to be treated, and it is with the hope that still further improvements in the same plan and ornamentation of the church may be accomplished that we now refer to the subject.

We understand it is fully decided that before long the South Porch shall be rebuilt. We are not aware what plans have been adopted, nor even if any particular plan has been adopted at all, so what we have to say on the subject is only suggested by a desire to see everthing done towards the end of making the church as beautiful and as noble as its extent will permit. If the rebuilding of this porch can be made conducive to the ultimate perfection of the interior, it ought by all means to be done with that purpose in view. We think it can, and that the opportunity should not be lost. A magnificent offer lately made by a gentleman, who was guided by exquisite taste in making it, has been happily accepted by the authorities. The result, in the erection of a rood screen carrying the organ, will be the first great step to making the interior what it should be. But before this desirable end can be consummated, the galleries over the aisles, with their hideous stairs which completely ruin the beauty internally, will have to disappear. We are aware of the great difficulty arising from the fact that many of the pews, if not all, in the gallery are freehold property; but we do not despair of seeing even this obstacle removed. We have faith in the public spirit of the proprietors yielding somewhat; and that of the diocese subscribing to extinguish such claims as may remain. If such a consummation is possible—and we hold it is—the rebuilding of the South Porch should be done on a plan which will in the end assist, in the greatest degree, in the complete development of the improvement which would thereby result.

A glance at the south-west corner of the Cathedral as it now stands enables us to see what a great improvement, both internally and externally, might be made. From the south side of the tower projects a wall in a southerly direction; an angle is then made by a wall running east, from which the west wall of the south porch projects south; another angle is formed by the corner of the south front of the porch, from which again is a short projection of the aisle south, which again forms an angle with the side of the aisle running east. Thus we have three corners projecting in the south-east of the building, and there is only one corner in the north-west. The South Porch is besides not a true porch, but is in reality a space taken from the interior. What we should like to see done, and what we think ought to be done, is, the substitution of only one corner in the south-west for the three now existing, so as to balance the north-west corner. The south porch should then be made to project from the south wall, and leave the interior south-west angle intact. The expense of this radical change in the plan of this part of the church would not be much greater than that of the mere rebuilding and beautifying of it on the present plan. And whatever the extra cost might be, it would be well spent money, and would in the end give most satisfaction. Of course, to complete the thing, it would be necessary to build a porch projecting from the north side to balance the one in the south, and that would result in an improvement to the north aisle also.

As we said at the outset we do not know if any, or what plans are adopted. Our suggestion may have been already anticipated. We simply make it in a sincere desire to see the best done, and we hope that those concerned in the carrying out of the intended reconstruction of the south-west corner of the church will take our suggestion in the spirit in which we offer it.

If these things were done, and the north-west corner rebuilt in consonance with the ornament of the rest of the building, we should then have an edifice of which we might be proud—one which, considering the size of the site, would be all that could be desired externally. Nothing would then remain to be done to complete its beauty but the removal of the galleries and plaster ceilings, and a few other details of internal decoration which are quite obvious. We again express our conviction that sufficient public spirit, guided by the wisdom and taste which has already done so much, will be shown when the time comes, and nothing would give us greater pleasure than the duty of recording in these pages the final achievement of so noble a work.

THE SINGING OF BOYS.—We went to the chapel of Lincoln's Inn, where, on entering, we found a class of young choristers receiving instruction from their music-master, while the organ accompanied their strains. These young, clear, fresh, elastic voices are wonderfully beautiful; they are like those of women, yet have something more bird-like and aspiring, more like what one conceives of the singing of angels. As for the singing of saints and blessed spirits that have once been human, it never can resemble that of these young voices; for no duration of heavenly enjoyment will ever quite take the mortal sadness out of it.—*Hawthorne's English Note Books.*

### SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The Orleans Princes went to Belgium in hopes of something turning up, but the French people did not seem to see it. The pear was not ripe, and the Princes have returned to this country. The New Orleans cotton drummers have arrived in Manchester and Liverpool in search of orders, but the cotton spinners don't seem to see it either.

The Jewel Sewing Machine, £5 10s. European Sewing Machine, 6½ Guineas. 128, Portland St.



# PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

Proprietors—The Prince's Theatre Company, Limited.

**Every Evening at Seven.**

## GRAND HISTORICAL REVIVAL

OF THE

# LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD III.,

By WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

The very great success of "A Winter's Tale" last year, and the manifest approbation of the form in which it was presented, encouraged me at the time to plan out a production that should be perfect in correctness of detail and accuracy of "mise en scene," and if possible surpass in entirety anything yet seen on our stage.

I have had the privilege of communicating my aspirations to many of the chief minds at present gracing literature and art, and from all, without exception, I have received the heartiest encouragement to work my project to an issue.

Several reasons have influenced me in selecting for the purpose "THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD III."

As an historical play it possesses more stirring incident than any perhaps that Shakspere has written. It "gives form and pressure" to a most eventful era of our national history—the last stern scenes of a devastating and protracted civil war, and the fall of the Plantaganets. It contains characters of wonderful force and variety for the actor, whose art it is to make the words his study and the thoughts his meditation:

"To discern
A royal ghost from churls: by art to learn
The physiogonomy of shades, and give
Them sudden birth,"

and affords an almost boundless scope for the display of those cognate arts which are the essential functions of the theatre.

There has been no age wherein the pageantry and pomp of royalty have been more magnificent, or the *personnel* of all classes more picturesque and striking; and in striving to give a reflex of manners in these particulars I have studiously followed such illuminated MSS. of the mediæval period as are renowned for their descriptive faithfulness. As a result, I have succeeded, I believe, in presenting every personage in the play, not only in costume true to the character and time, but in the exact counterparts in design and colour of habiliments actually worn; and in this I am deeply indebted to Alfred Thompson, Esq., for his researches and invaluable assistance.

In the scenery, a reproduction of old London in the fifteenth century, with its "gorgeous palaces and solemn temples"—its ancient streets and tower fortress—has been mainly considered.

Some difficulties had to be overcome in ascertaining the exact armorial bearings of the characters in the play, and of those I have introduced as aiding the King and Richmond in the struggle at Bosworth. As the two last acts are entirely in time of war, heraldic accuracy was indispenable, as each leader would exhibit on his tabard his insignia, and each retainer the badge or cognisance of his lord.

For these important and characteristic embellishments I am indebted to J. R. Planché, Esq., the veteran archæologist, who has kindly placed his rare illustrations to "Richard III." at my disposal; and in an equal degree to Mr. Alfred Darbyshire, whose technical knowledge has proved a great aid.

The "entre scene" and incidental music is arranged solely from old melodies popular at the time, and chiefly English.

The armour, accoutrements, and weapons have been expressly manufactured by Granger, of Paris, from specimens in the Meyrick collection and the French arsenals.

Some modifications of the text and certain excisions have been made, which all conversant with the tragedy must admit were requisite for representation.

It will be seen that I have entirely disregarded the usual acting edition of the play by Colley Cibber, a complication intended, I presume, to make the character of Richard something more than Shakspere intended, as it unquestionably makes it something different.

It appears inconceivable that Cibber's Richard should have outlived, in popularity, its contemporaries—Dryden's "Macbeth" and "Tempest," Nahum Tate's "Lear," &c. A re-arrangement of Shakspere's scenes was justifiable, for it is more than likely that one does not touch his own work in that respect; but to re-write his dialogue and invert his plots was surely unpardonable, and could only be tolerated in an age when the public taste in such matters must have been (to say the least) eccentric.

It is not here that I should vindicate the theory which has actuated me in my endeavours to give the most elaborate completeness to this representation—I have before expressed it—and those who see will believe, I am sure, that my convictions as to the imperative need and legitimate value of every stage appurtenance remain unchanged.

Whether the public will endorse all I have felt it my duty to attempt, the result will show; but as their thankful servant I think I am entitled to ask for this, my chief work, a measure of recognition for the efforts that have been made, a thoughtful scrutiny, and an admission that nothing has been neglected that labour or outlay could secure.

CHARLES CALVERT.

A POWERFULLY AUGMENTED COMPANY.

The SCENERY (from authority) by T. Grieve, Walford Grieve, and Perkins.
The PROPERTIES, PARAPHERNALIA, REGALIA, and ARMOUR, by Granger, of Paris, Garrett, and Assistants.
The MACHINERY and STAGE APPLIANCES, by Mr. John Byrnes.
The COSTUMES by Auguste et Cie. Vokes, Hasbury, &c., of London and Paris.
The ENTRE SCENE and INCIDENTAL MUSIC by Mr. Edward Williams.
The CHARACTERISTIC DANCES by Mr. R. Power.
The whole produced under the direction of Mr. CHARLES CALVERT.

ACT I.—Scene 1.—LONDON IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.—T. Grieve.
Old Ludgate, with distant view of Old St. Paul's, illustrating the street architecture of the period.
Scene 2.—A REGAL GOTHIC APARTMENT IN THE PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.—T. Grieve.
Scene 3.—CLARENCE'S DUNGEON.—T. Grieve.
Scene 4.—THE KING'S APARTMENTS.—T. Grieve.
ACT II.—Scene 1.—THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER AND ORATORY.—Perkins.
Scene 2.—THE CLOISTERS AT WESTMINSTER.—T. Grieve.
Scene 3.—A PAVEMENT IN OLD CHEPE.—Perkins.
Scene 4.—THE GREAT COUNCIL CHAMBER IN THE WHITE TOWER.—Perkins.
Scene 5.—RAYNARD'S CASTLE ON THE THAMES.—Perkins.
Scene 6.—THE TOWER FORTRESS FROM THE WEST.—Perkins.
Showing the entrance to the Byward Tower, the Central Keep, &c., as it existed in the 15th century.

ACT III.—Scene 1.—THE PALACE HALL.—T. Grieve.
The Evening of the Festival of St George.
Scene 2.—THE RAMPARTS IN VICINITY OF THE BLOODY TOWER. (Time, Night).—T. Grieve.
Scene 3.—THE PALACE HALL (Night.).—T. Grieve.
ACT IV.—Scene 1.—OLD LONDON, NEAR ST. PAUL'S.—T. Grieve.
ACT V.—Scene 1.—BOSWORTH FIELD (Time, Evening).—Perkins.
Scene 2.—RICHMOND'S TENT.—Perkins.
Scene 3.—INTERIOR OF RICHARD'S TENT.—Perkins.
THE FIELD OF BOSWORTH, with the ENCAMPED ARMY.
Scene 4.—RICHMOND'S TENT.
Scene 5.—RICHARD'S TENT.
Scene 6.—THE FIELD OF BATTLE.—Perkins.
THE VICTORY.

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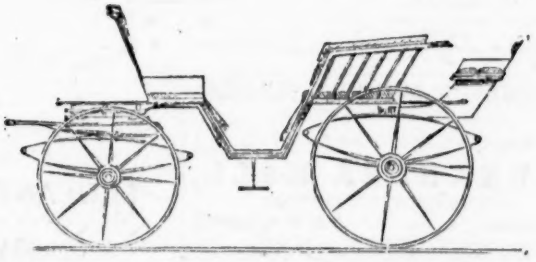

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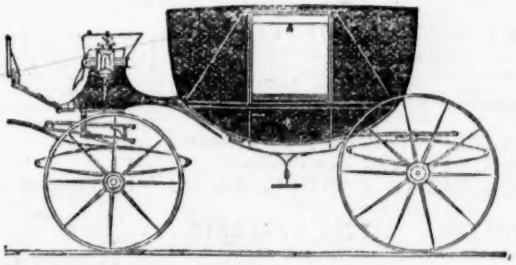

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|---|---|---|
| | s. d. | s. d. |
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